

11660 e49

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

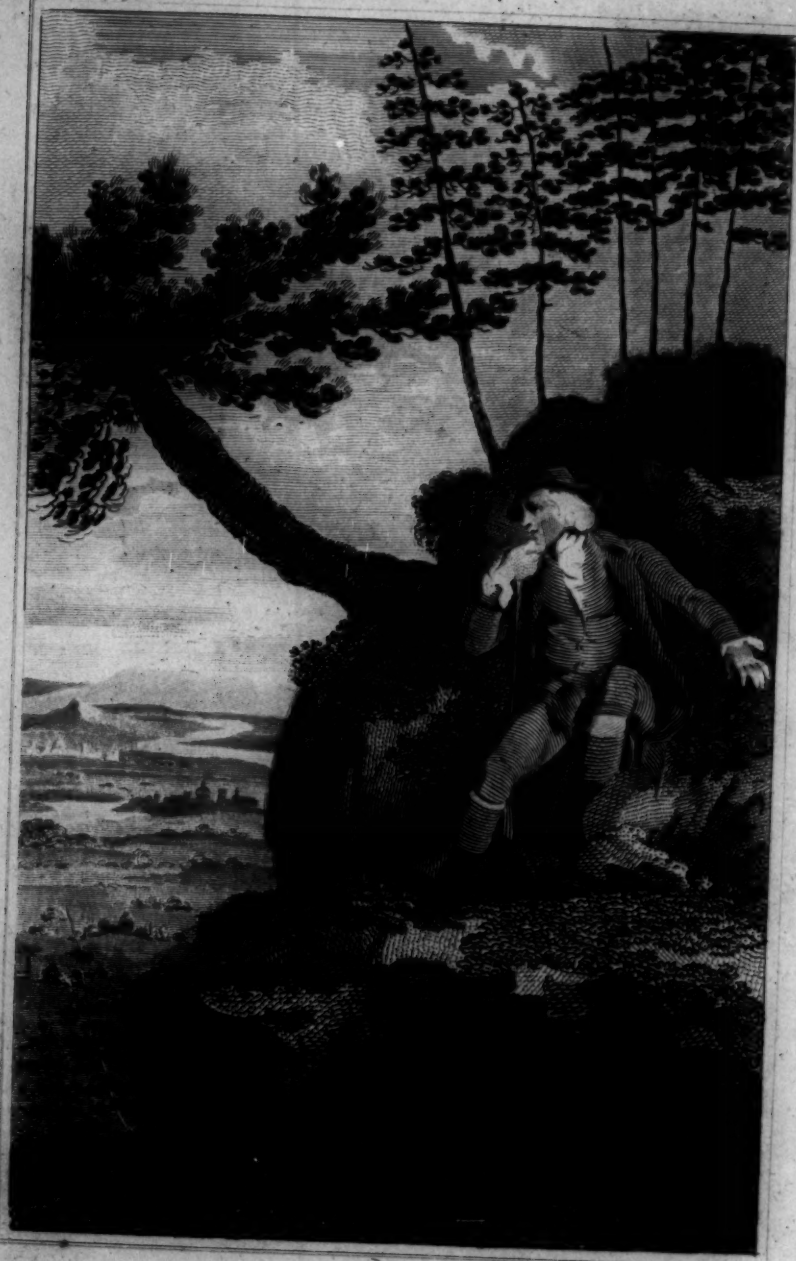
THE

POETICAL WORKS



OLIVER GOLDSMITH M.B.





Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear,
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE AUTHOR.

To which is added
A PREFATORY ESSAY,
CONTAINING
A CRITICAL DISSERTATION
ON HIS
POETRY,

By J. AIKIN, M. D.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND; J. SCATCHERD,
AVE-MARIA-LANE; G. AND T. WILKIE, PATERNOSTER-
ROW; J. MURRAY, FLEET-STREET; AND VERNOR
AND HOOD, BIRCHIN-LANE. 1796.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS
LIFE AND WRITINGS.



OF THE
A PRESENT
A CRITICAL DISSENT

ON HIS
POETRY
BY J. ALKIN, M.D.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1790.

CONTENTS.

	Page:
T HE Traveller, a Poem.....	9
The Deserted Village, a Poem.....	39
The Haunch of Venison, a poetical Epistle.....	65
Retaliation, a Poem	75
A Letter, addressed to the Printer of the St.	
James's Chronicle	91
The Hermit, a Ballad.....	95
Double Transformation, a Tale	105
The Gift	111
The Logicians refuted	113
On a beautiful Youth struck blind by Lightning	117
A new Simile, in the manner of Swift	118
Elegy on the death of a Mad Dog.....	122
The Clown's Reply	125
Stanzas on Woman	126
Description of an Author's Bed-Chamber.....	127

CONTENTS.

Mr. Boswell's Letter.....	129
Song.....	130
Stanzas on the taking of Quebec.....	131
Epitaph on Dr. Parnell	132
Epitaph on Edward Purdon	133
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.....	134
Sonnet.....	136
Song, from the Oratorio of the Captivity	137
Song.....	138
Prologue, written and spoken by the Poet	
Laberius	139
Prologue to Zobeide, a Tragedy.....	141
Epilogue	144
Prologue to the Sisters.....	147

SKETCHES
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

THIS gentleman was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, had four sons, of whom Oliver was the youngest. He studied the classics in Mr. Hughes's school, and on the 11th of June, 1744, was admitted a sizar in Trinity College, Dublin.

During his continuance at the University he made no display of those shining abilities, which

afterwards so distinguishedly marked his genius. In the month of February, 1749, which was two years after the regular course of those things, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1751, he visited Edinburgh, having previously turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and attended some courses of anatomy in Dublin. At Edinburgh, he studied the different branches of medicine under the respective professors in that university. His thoughtless though beneficent disposition soon involved him in difficulties; and, having made himself responsible for the debt of another person, a fellow student, he was obliged abruptly to leave Scotland, in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland; but being pursued by a legal process, on account of the debt we have just mentioned, he was arrested; but afterwards set at

liberty by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Mac-lane, and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college.

Having surmounted this embarrassment, he embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived at Rotterdam; from whence he went to Brussels, then visited great part of Flanders, and afterwards, at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he continued some time, he obtained the degree of Batchelor in Physic. From thence he went to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman. It is a circumstance worth recording, that he had so strong a propensity to see different countries, men and manners, that even the necessity of walking on foot could not deter him from this favourite pursuit. His German flute, on which he played tolerably well, frequently supplied him with the means of subsistence, and his learning procured him a favourable reception at most of the religious

houses he visited. He himself tells us, that whenever he approached a peasant's house, he played one of his most merry tunes, and that generally procured him not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich, who generally despised both him and his music.

He had not been long arrived at Geneva, when he met with a young man, who, by the death of an uncle, was become possessed of a considerable fortune, and to whom Mr. Goldsmith was recommended for a travelling companion.—As avarice was the prevailing principle of this young man, it cannot be supposed he was long pleased with his preceptor, who was of a contrary turn of mind.

Mr. Goldsmith, during his residence at the college of Edinburgh, had given marks of his rising genius for poetry, which Switzerland greatly con-

tributed to bring to maturity. It was here he wrote the first sketch of his TRAVELLER, which he sent to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, despising Fame and Fortune, retired with an amiable wife, on an income of only forty pounds per annum, to pass a life of happiness and obscurity.

Our poet and his pupil continued together until they arrived at the south of France, where, on a disagreement, they parted, and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties that a man could experience, who was in a state of poverty, in a foreign country, without friends. Yet, notwithstanding all his difficulties, his ardor for travelling was not abated; and he persisted in his scheme, though he was frequently obliged to be beholden to his flute and the peasants. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course

towards England, and about the beginning of the winter, in 1758, he arrived at Dover.

His situation was not much mended on his arrival in London, at which period the whole of his finances were reduced to a few halfpence. What must be the gloomy apprehensions of a man in so forlorn a situation, and an utter stranger in the metropolis! He applied to several apothecaries for employment; but his awkward appearance, and his broad Irish accent, were so much against him, that he met only with ridicule and contempt. At last, however, merely through motives of humanity, he was taken notice of by a chemist, who employed him in his laboratory.

In this situation he continued till he was informed, that his old friend Dr. Sleight was in London. He then quitted the chemist, and lived some time upon the liberality of the doctor; but,

disliking a life of dependence on the generosity of his friend, and being unwilling to be burthensome to him, he soon accepted an offer that was made him, of assisting the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in the education of young gentlemen at his academy at Peckham. During the time he remained in this situation, he gave much satisfaction to his employer; but as he had obtained some reputation from criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, he eagerly engaged in the compilation of that work, with Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor. He accordingly returned to London, took a lodging in Green-Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, and commenced a professed author.

This was in the year 1759, before the close of which he produced several works, particularly a periodical publication, called "The Bee" and "An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe." He also became a writer

in the Public Ledger, in which his "Citizen of the World" originally appeared under the title of "Chinese Letters." His reputation extended so rapidly, and his connections became so numerous, that he was soon enabled to emerge from his mean lodgings in the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took chambers in 1762, and lived in a more creditable manner. At length, his reputation was fully established by the publication of "The Traveller" in the year 1765. His "Vicar of Wakefield" followed his "Traveller," and his "History of England" was followed by the performance of his Comedy of "The Good-natured Man," all which contributed to place him among the first rank of the poets of these times.

"The Good-natured Man" was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in the year 1768. Many

parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is perhaps no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished than Croaker's; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident, as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the composition of the incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. The audience, however, having been just before exalted on the sentimental flirts of *False Delicacy*, a comedy by Mr. Kelly, they regarded a few scenes in Mr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless *The Good-natured Man* succeeded, though in a degree inferior to its merit. The prologue to it, which is excellent, was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In 1773, the comedy of "She stoops to conquer," or "The Mistakes of a Night," was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre. This piece was considered as a farce by some writers; even if so, it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, which is that of the robbery, is said to be borrowed from *Albamazar*.

Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of the theatre, had very little opinion of this piece, and made so keen a remark on it while in rehearsal, that the Doctor never forgave him for it. The piece, however, succeeded contrary to Mr. Colman's expectations, being received with uncommon applause by the audience. The success of this piece produced a very illiberal and personal attack, which appeared in one of the public prints, of which the following is a copy:

“ TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

“ *Vous vous noyez en Vanité.*

“ SIR,

“ The happy knack which you have learnt of puffing your own compositions, provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines, not to discover the trick of literary *humbug*. But the gauze is so thin, that the very foolish part of the world see through it, and discover the doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardonable as your personal. Would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the great Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque Oranthotan's figure in a glass? Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain. But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or

vain of? The "Traveller" is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles; diametrically opposite to liberty. What is "The Good-natured Man" but a poor, water-gruel, dramatic dose? What is "The Deserted Village" but a *pretty* poem of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the last speaking pantomime, so much praised by the Doctor himself, but an incoherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit, and grimace for humour: wherein every scene is unnatural, and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature and of drama, viz. two gentlemen come to a man of fortune's house, eat, drink, sleep, &c. and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter; he talks with her for some hours, and when he sees her again in a different dress, he treats her as a bar-girl,

and swears she squinted. He abuses the master of the house, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The squire, whom we are told is to be a fool, proves to be the most sensible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act by bidding his mother lie close behind a bush, persuading her, that his father, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he is come to cut their throats; and to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play, but the young fellow giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece, I honestly allow; that he told all his friends that it would be damned, I positively aver; and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice; and it is now the *ton* to go to see it, though I never saw a person, that

either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of the Home's tragedy of Alonzo. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavour to believe, as a man, you are of the plainest sort, and as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

“ Brisez le miroir infidele,

“ Qui vous cache la verité.

“ TOM TICKLE.”

We shall not enter into any criticisms on this very illiberal letter, but shall proceed to mention the consequences attending the publication of it. Dr. Goldsmith, immediately on its appearance, went to the publisher's house, and, after having argued on the malignity of this unmerited attack on his character, he applied his cane about his shoulders with all his might; the publisher, however, thought it necessary to stand in his own defence. It is not easy to say, when or how this

combat would have ended, had not Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room in the publisher's house, stepped forward and parted them. Dr. Kenrick was said to be the author of this severe attack on the Doctor's character; but we might produce other proofs of the malignity of this man's heart.

This affair was represented in most of the newspapers much to the disadvantage of Dr. Goldsmith, for beating a man in his own house. In consequence of this, on the 31st of March, 1773, he published the following address in the Daily Advertiser.

“ To the Public.

“ Left it should be supposed, that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse, of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a

single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger ; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

“ I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life ; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner, the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dis-

solution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

“ How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell: all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly

consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

“ OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

The last theatrical piece the doctor produced, was “ The Grumbler,” a Farce, altered from Sedley. It was acted at Covent-Garden, in 1772, for the benefit of Mr. Quick ; but it was acted only one night, and was never printed.

The Doctor might, with a little attention to prudence and œconomy, have placed himself in a state above want and dependence. He is said to have acquired, in one year, one thousand eight hundred pounds ; and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death. But these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which pre-

vented his distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained at times as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state.

He had been for some years, at different times, affected with a violent strangury, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life, and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, in spite of the most able medical assistance, terminated in his dissolution on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument hath since been erected to his memory in Westminster-Abbey, at the expence of a literary club to which he belonged. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments; underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson.

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH

Poetæ. Physici. Historici.

Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus

Non tetigit.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit

Sive Rifus essent movendi

Sive Lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis—Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidis Venustus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodaliū Amor

Amicorū Fides

Lectorū Veneratio.

Natus Hibernia Fornia: Lonfordienfis

In Loco cui Nomen Pallas

Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.

Eblanæ Literis institutus.

Obiit Londini

April iv. MDCCCLXXIV.

Englished.

This Monument is raised

To the Memory of

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Poet, Natural Philosopher and Historian,

Who left no species of writing untouched,

or,

Unadorned by His Pen,

Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears :
He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant ;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject :
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His Memory will last
As long as Society retains affection ;
Friendship is not void of Honor,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

ON THE
POETRY

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

AMONG those false opinions which, having once obtained currency, have been adopted without examination, may be reckoned the prevalent notion, that notwithstanding the improvement of this country in many species of literary composition, its poetical character has been on the decline ever since the supposed Augustan age of the beginning of this century. No one poet, it is true, has fully succeeded to the laurel of Dryden or Pope; but if without prejudice we compare the

minor poets of the present age, (*minor*, I mean, with respect to the *quantity*, not the *quality*, of their productions) with those of any former period, we shall, I am convinced, find them greatly superior not only in taste and correctness, but in every other point of poetical excellence. The works of many late and present writers might be confidently appealed to in proof of this assertion; but it will suffice to instance the author who is the subject of the present Essay; and I cannot for a moment hesitate to place the name of GOLDSMITH, as a poet, above that of *Addison*, *Parnel*, *Tickel*, *Congreve*, *Landsdown*, or any of those who fill the greater part of the voluminous collection of the *English Poets*. Of these, the main body has obtained a prescriptive right to the honour of classical writers, while their works, ranged on the shelves as necessary appendages to a modern library, are rarely taken down, and contribute very little to the stock of literary amusement. Where-

as the pieces of GOLDSMITH are our familiar companions ; and supply passages for recollection, when our minds are either composed to moral reflection, or warmed by strong emotions and elevated conceptions. There is, I acknowledge, much of habit and accident in the attachments we form to particular writers ; yet I have little doubt, that if the lovers of English poetry were confined to a small selection of authors, GOLDSMITH would find a place in the favourite list of a great majority. And it is, I think, with much justice that a great modern critic has ever regarded this concurrence of public favour, as one of the least equivocal tests of uncommon merit. Some kinds of excellence, it is true, will more readily be recognized than others ; and this will not always be in proportion to the degree of mental power employed in the respective productions : but he who obtains general and lasting applause in any work of art, must have happily executed a

design judiciously formed. This remark is of fundamental consequence in estimating the poetry of GOLDSMITH; because it will enable us to hold the balance steady, when it might be disposed to incline to the superior claims of a style of loftier pretension, and more brilliant reputation.

Compared with many poets of deserved eminence, GOLDSMITH will appear characterised by his *simplicity*. In his language will be found few of those figures which are supposed *of themselves* to constitute poetry;—no violent transpositions; no uncommon meanings and constructions; no epithets drawn from abstract and remote ideas; no coinage of new words by the ready mode of turning nouns into verbs; no bold prosopopœia, or audacious metaphor:—it scarcely contains an expression which might not be used in eloquent and descriptive prose. It is replete with image-

ry; but that imagery is drawn from obvious sources, and rather enforces the simple idea, than dazzles by new and unexpected ones. It rejects not common words and phrases; and, like the language of Dryden and Otway, is thereby rendered the more forcible and pathetic. It is eminently nervous and concise; and hence affords numerous passages which dwell on the memory. With respect to his matter, it is taken from human life, and the objects of nature. It does not body forth things unknown, and create new beings. Its humbler purpose is to represent manners and characters as they really exist; to impress strongly on the heart moral and political sentiments; and to fill the imagination with a variety of pleasing or affecting objects selected from the stores of nature. If this be not the highest department of poetry, it has the advantage of being the most universally agreeable. To receive delight from the sublime fictions of Milton, the

allegories of Spencer, the learning of Gray, and the fancy of Collins, the mind must have been prepared by a course of particular study; and perhaps, at a certain period of life, when the judgment exercises a severer scrutiny over the fallies of the imagination, the relish for artificial beauties will always abate, if not entirely desert us. But at every age, and with every degree of culture, correct and well-chosen representations of nature must please. We admire them when young; we recur to them when old; and they charm us till nothing longer can charm. Further, in forming a scale of excellence for artists, we are not only to consider who works upon the noblest design, but who fills his design best. It is, in reality, but a poor excuse for a slovenly performer to say "*magnis tamen excidit ausis;*" and the addition of one master-piece of any kind to the stock of art, is a greater benefit, than that of a thousand abortive and mishapen wonders.

If GOLDSMITH then be referred to the class of *descriptive poets*, including the description of moral as well as of physical nature, it will next be important to enquire by what means he has attained the rank of a master in his class. Let us then observe how he has selected, combined, and contrasted his objects, with what truth and strength of colouring he has expressed them, and to what end and purpose.

As poetry and eloquence do not describe by an exact enumeration of every circumstance, it is necessary to *select* certain particulars which may excite a sufficiently distinct image of the thing to be represented. In this *selection*, the great art is to give *characteristic marks*, whereby the object may at once be recognized, without being obscured in a mass of common properties, which belong equally to many others. Hence the great superiority of *particular images* to *general* ones in descrip-

tion: the former identify, while the latter disguise. Thus, all the hackneyed representations of the country, in the works of ordinary versifiers, in which groves, and rills, and flowery meads are introduced just as the rhyme and measure require, present nothing to the fancy but an indistinct daub of colouring, in which all the diversity of nature is lost and confounded. To catch the discriminating features, and present them bold and prominent, by few, but decisive strokes, is the talent of a master; and it will not be easy to produce a superior to GOLDSMITH in this respect. The mind is never in doubt as to the meaning of his figures, nor does it languish over the survey of trivial and unappropriated circumstances. All is alive—all is filled—yet all is clear.

The proper *combination* of objects refers to the impression they are calculated to make on the

mind ; and requires that they should harmonize, and reciprocally enforce and sustain each other's effect. They should unite in giving one leading tone to the imagination ; and without a sameness of form, they should blend in an uniformity of hue. This, too, has very successfully been attended to by GOLDSMITH, who has not only sketched his single figures with truth and spirit, but has combined them into the most harmonious and impressive groups. Nor has any descriptive poet better understood the great force of *contrast*, in setting off his scenes, and preventing any approach to wearisomeness by repetition of kindred objects. And with great skill, he has contrived that both parts of his contrast should conspire in producing one intended moral effect. Of all these excellencies, examples will be pointed out as we take a cursory view of the particular pieces.

In addition to the circumstances already noted, the *force* and *clearness* of representation depend also on the diction. It has already been observed that GOLDSMITH's language is remarkable for its general simplicity, and the direct and proper use of words. It has ornaments, but these are not far-fetched. The epithets employed are usually qualities strictly belonging to the subject, and the true colouring of the simple figure. They are frequently contrived to express a necessary circumstance in the description, and thus avoid the usual imputation of being expletive. Of this kind are, "the *rattling* terrors of the *vengeful* snake"; "*indurated* heart"; "*shed intolerable* day"; "*matted* woods"; "*ventrous* plough-share"; "*equinoctial* fervours". The examples are not few of that indisputable mark of true poetic language, where a single word conveys an image; as in these instances: "*resignation gently* slopes the way"; "*scoops out* an empire"; "the

“ vessel idly waiting *flaps* with every gale ; “ to
“ *winnow* fragrance ” ; “ murmurs *fluctuate* in
“ the gale ”. All metaphor, indeed, does this in
some degree ; but where the accessory idea is either
indistinct or incongruous, as frequently happens
when it is introduced as an artifice to force lan-
guage up to poetry, the effect is only a gaudy
obscurity.

The *end* and *purpose* to which description is di-
rected is what distinguishes a well-planned piece
from a loose effusion ; for though a vivid repre-
sentation of striking objects will ever afford some
pleasure, yet if aim and design be wanting, to give
it a basis, and stamp it with the dignity of mean-
ing, it will in a long performance prove flat and
tiresome. But this is a want which cannot be
charged on GOLDSMITH ; for both the *Traveller*
and the *Deserted Village* have a great moral in view,
to which the whole of the description is made to

tend. I do not now enquire into the legitimacy of the conclusions he has drawn from his premises; it is enough to justify his plans, that such a purpose is included in them.

The *versification* of GOLDSMITH is formed on the general model that has been adopted since the refinement of English poetry, and especially since the time of Pope. To manage rhyme couplets so as to produce a pleasing effect on the ear, has since that period been so common an attainment, that it merits no particular admiration. GOLDSMITH may, I think, be said to have come up to the usual standard of proficiency in this respect, without having much surpassed it. A musical ear, and a familiarity with the best examples, have enabled him, without much apparent study, almost always to avoid defect, and very often to produce excellence. It is no censure of this poet to say that his versification presses less on the at-

tention than his matter. In fact, he has none of those peculiarities of versifying, whether improvements or not, that some who aim at distinction in this point have adopted. He generally suspends or closes the sense at the end of the line or of the couplet; and therefore does not often give examples of that greater compass and variety of melody which is obtained by longer clauses, or by breaking the coincidences of the cadence of sound and meaning. He also studiously rejects triplets and alexandrines. But allowing for the want of these sources of variety, he has sufficiently avoided monotony; and in the usual flow of his measure, he has gratified the ear with as much change, as judiciously shifting the line-pauses can produce.

Having made these general observations on the nature of GOLDSMITH's poetry, I proceed to a survey of his principal pieces.

The *Traveller*, or *Prospect of Society*, was first sketched out by the author during a tour in Europe, great part of which he performed on foot, and in circumstances which afforded him the fullest means of becoming acquainted with the most numerous class in society, peculiarly termed *the people*. The date of the first edition is 1765. It begins in the gloomy mood natural to genius in distress, when wandering alone

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

After an affectionate and regretful glance to the peaceful seat of fraternal kindness, and some expressions of self-pity, the Poet sits down amid Alpine solitudes to spend a pensive hour in meditating on the state of mankind. He finds that the natives of every land regard their own with preference; whence he is led to this proposition,—that if we impartially compare the advantages belonging to different countries, we shall con-

clude that an equal portion of good is dealt to all the human race. He further supposes, that every nation, having in view one peculiar species of happiness, models life to that alone ; whence this favourite kind, pushed to an extreme, becomes a source of peculiar evils. To exemplify this by instances, is the business of the subsequent descriptive part of the piece.

Italy is the first country that comes under review. Its general landscape is painted by a few characteristic strokes, and the felicity of its climate is displayed in appropriate imagery. The revival of arts and commerce in Italy, and their subsequent decline, are next touched upon ; and hence is derived the present disposition of the people—easily pleased with splendid trifles, the wrecks of their former grandeur ; and sunk into an enfeebled moral and intellectual character, reducing them to the level of children.

From these he turns with a sort of disdain, to view a nobler race, hardened by a rigorous climate, and by the necessity of unabating toil. These are the *Swiss*, who find, in the equality of their condition, and their ignorance of other modes of life, a source of content which remedies the natural evils of their lot. There cannot be a more delightful picture than the Poet has drawn of the Swiss peasant, going forth to his morning's labour, and returning at night to the bosom of domestic happiness. It sufficiently accounts for that *patriot passion* for which they have ever been so celebrated, and which is here described in lines that reach the heart, and is illustrated by a beautiful simile. But this state of life has also its disadvantages. The sources of enjoyment being few, a vacant listlessness is apt to creep upon the breast; and if nature urges to throw this off by occasional bursts of pleasure, no stimulus can reach the purpose but gross sensual debauch.

Their morals, too, like their enjoyments, are of a coarse texture. Some sterner virtues hold high dominion in their breasts, but all the gentler and more refined qualities of the heart, which soften and sweeten life, are exiled to milder climates.

To the more genial climate of *France* the Traveller next repairs, and in a very pleasing rural picture he introduces himself in the capacity of musician to a village party of dancers beside the murmuring Loire. The leading feature of this nation he represents as being the love of praise ; which passion, while it inspires sentiments of honour, and a desire of pleasing, also affords a free course to folly, and nourishes vanity and ostentation. The soul, accustomed to depend for its happiness on foreign applause, shifts its principles with the change of fashion, and is a stranger to the value of self-approbation.

The strong contrast to this national character is fought in *Holland*; a most graphical description of the scenery presented by that singular country, introduces the moral portrait of the people. From the necessity of unceasing labour, induced by their peculiar circumstances, a habit of industry has been formed, of which the natural consequence is a love of gain. The possession of exuberant wealth has given rise to the arts and conveniences of life; but at the same time has introduced a crafty, cold and mercenary temper, which sets every thing, even liberty itself, at a price. How different, exclaims the poet, from their Belgian ancestors! how different from the present race of Britain!

To Britain, then, he turns, and begins with a slight sketch of the country, in which, he says, the mildest charms of creation are combined,

Extremes are only in the master's mind.

He then draws a very striking picture of a stern, thoughtful, independent freeman, a creature of reason, unfashioned by the common forms of life, and loose from all its ties;—and this he gives as the representative of the English character. A society formed by such unyielding self-dependent beings, will naturally be a scene of violent political contests, and ever in a ferment with party. And a still worse fate awaits it; for the ties of nature, duty and love failing, the fictitious bonds of wealth and law must be employed to hold together such a reluctant association; whence the time may come, that valour, learning, and patriotism may all lie levelled in one sink of avarice. These are the ills of freedom; but the Poet, who would only repress to secure, goes on to deliver his ideas of the cause of such mischiefs, which he seems to place in the usurpations of aristocratical upon regal authority; and with great energy he expresses his indignation at the oppressions the

poor suffer from their petty tyrants. This leads him to a kind of anticipation of the subject of his *Deserted Village*, where, laying aside the politician, and resuming the poet, he describes by a few highly pathetic touches, the depopulated fields, the ruined village, and the poor forlorn inhabitants driven from their beloved home, and exposed to all the perils of the trans-atlantic wilderness. It is by no means my intention to enter into a discussion of GOLDSMITH's political opinions, which bear evident marks of confused notions and a heated imagination. I shall confine myself to a remark upon the English national character, which will apply to him in common with various other writers, native and foreign.

This country has long been in the possession of more unrestrained freedom of thinking and acting than any other perhaps that ever existed; a consequence of which has been, that all those pecu-

liarities of character, which in other nations remain concealed in the general mass, have here stood forth prominent and conspicuous; and these being from their nature calculated to draw attention, have by superficial observers been mistaken for the general character of the people. This has been particularly the case with political distinction. From the publicity of all proceedings in the legislative part of our constitution, and the independence with which many act, all party differences are strongly marked, and public men take their side with openness and confidence. Public topics, too, are discussed by all ranks; and whatever seeds there are in any part of the society of spirit and activity, have full opportunity of germinating. But to imagine that these busy and high-spirited characters compose a majority of the community, or perhaps a much greater proportion than in other countries, is a delusion. This nation, as a body, is, like all others, cha-

characterised by circumstances of its situation ; and a rich commercial people, long trained to society, inhabiting a climate where many things are necessary to the comfort of life, and under a government abounding with splendid distinctions, cannot possibly be a knot of philosophers and patriots.

To return from this digression. Though it is probable that few of GOLDSMITH's readers will be convinced, even from the instances he has himself produced, that the happiness of mankind is every where equal ; yet all will feel the force of the truly philosophical sentiment which concludes the piece,—that man's chief bliss is ever seated in his mind ; and that a small part of real felicity consists in what human governments can either bestow or withhold.

The *Deserted Village*, first printed in 1769, is the companion-piece of the *Traveller*, formed, like it, upon a plan which unites description with sentiment, and employs both in inculcating a political moral. It is a view of the prosperous and ruined state of a country village, with reflections on the causes of both. Such it may be defined in prose; but the disposition, management and colouring of the piece, are all calculated for poetical effect. It begins with a delightful picture of *Auburn* when inhabited by a happy people. The view of the village itself, and the rural occupations and pastimes of its simple natives, is in the best style of painting by a selection of characteristic circumstances. It is immediately contrasted by a similar bold sketch of its ruined and desolated condition. Then succeeds an imaginary state of England, in a kind of golden age of equality; with its contrast likewise. The apostrophe that follows, the personal complaint of the poet,

and the portrait of a sage in retirement, are sweetly sentimental touches, that break the continuity of description.

He returns to *Auburn*, and having premised another masterly sketch of its two states, in which the images are chiefly drawn from sounds, he proceeds to what may be called the interior history of the village. In his first figure he has tried his strength with Dryden. The *parish-priest* of that great poet, improved from Chaucer, is a portrait full of beauty, but drawn in a loose unequal manner, with the flowing vein of digressive thought and imagery that stamps his style. The subject of the draught, too, is considerably different from that of GOLDSMITH, having more of the ascetic and mortified cast, in conformity to the faintly model of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The pastor of *Auburn* is more *human*, but is not on that account a less venerable and interesting

figure ; though I know not whether all will be pleased with his familiarity with vicious characters, which goes beyond the purpose of mere reformation. The description of him in his professional character is truly admirable ; and the similes of the bird instructing his young to fly, and the tall cliff rising above the storm, have been universally applauded. The first, I believe, is original ;—the second is not so, though it has probably never been so well drawn and applied. The subsequent sketches of the village school-master and alehouse are close imitations of nature in low life, like the pictures of Teniers and Hogarth. Yet even these humorous scenes slide imperceptibly into sentiment and pathos ; and the comparison of the simple pleasures of the poor, with the splendid festivities of the opulent, rises to the highest style of moral poetry. Who has not felt the force of that reflection,

“ The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy ?

The writer then falls into a strain of reasoning against luxury and superfluous wealth, in which the sober enquirer will find much serious truth, though mixed with poetical exaggeration. The description of the contrasted scenes of magnificence and misery in a great metropolis, closed by the pathetic figure of the forlorn ruined female, is not to be surpassed.

Were not the subjects of GOLDSMITH'S description so skilfully varied, the uniformity of manner, consisting in an enumeration of single circumstances, generally depicted in single lines, might tire ; but where is the reader who can avoid being hurried along by the swift current of imagery, when to such a passage as the last, succeeds a landscape fraught with all the sublime terrors of the torrid zone ;—and then, an exquisitely tender history-piece of the departure of the villagers ; concluded with a groupe (slightly touched,

indeed) of allegorical personages? A noble address to the genius of poetry, in which is compressed the moral of the whole, gives a dignified finishing to the work.

If we compare these two principal poems of GOLDSMITH, we may say, that the *Traveller* is formed upon a more regular plan, has a higher purpose in view, more abounds in thought, and in the expression of moral and philosophical ideas; the *Deserted Village* has more imagery, more variety, more pathos, more of the peculiar character of poetry. In the first, the moral and natural descriptions are more general and elevated; in the second, they are more particular and interesting. Both are truly original productions; but the *Deserted Village* has less peculiarity, and indeed has given rise to imitations which may stand in some parallel with it; while the *Traveller* remains an *unique*.

With regard to GOLDSMITH's other poems, a few remarks will suffice. The *Hermit*, printed in the same year with the Traveller, has been a very popular piece, as might be expected of a tender tale prettily told. It is called a *Ballad*, but I think with no correct application of that term, which properly means a story related in language either naturally or affectedly rude and simple. It has been a sort of fashion to admire these productions; yet in the really ancient ballads, for one stroke of beauty, there are pages of insipidity and vulgarity; and the imitations have been pleasing in proportion as they approached more finished compositions. In GOLDSMITH's *Hermit*, the language is always polished, and often ornamented. The best things in it are some neat turns of moral and pathetic sentiment, given with a simple conciseness that fits them for being retained in the memory. As to the story, it has little fancy or contrivance to recommend it.

We have already seen that GOLDSMITH possessed humour; and, exclusively of his comedies, pieces professedly humorous form a part of his poetical remains. His imitations of Swift are happy, but they *are* imitations. His tale of the *Double Transformation* may vie with those of Prior. His own natural vein of easy humour flows freely in his *Haunch of Venison* and *Retaliation*; the first, an admirable specimen of a very ludicrous story made out of a common incident by the help of conversation and character; the other, an original thought, in which his talent at drawing portraits, with a mixture of the serious and the comic, is most happily displayed.

ON THE
D E A T H
O F
DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds,—and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes,—these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.

Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

A M O N O D Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunest robe,
Ascends her zenith, o'er the silent globe;
Sad Melancholy wakes, awhile to tread
With solemn step the mansions of the dead :
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine
I forrowing bend ; and here essay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureate bloom,
With artless hands, to deck a poet's tomb ;
The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes, adieu !
No more your airy dreams shall mock my view :
Here will I learn ambition to controul,
And each aspiring passion of the soul :

Ev'n now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When as imagination fondly hied
To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried :

“ Ye splendid fabrics, palaces and towers,
“ Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,
“ Where pomp, disease, and knavery reside,
“ And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride ;
“ Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
“ And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies ;
“ Where warbling Eunuchs glitter in brocade,
“ And hapless Poets toil for scanty bread :
“ Farewel ! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
“ Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
“ Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
“ Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.
“ There though the hamlet boasts no smiling train,
“ Nor sportive pastime circling on the plain ;

-
- “ No needy villains prow! around for prey.
“ No slanderers, no sycophants betray ;
“ No gaudy foplings scornfully deride
“ The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride.
“ There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
“ Which solitude contemplative bestows :
“ Yet, oh fond hope ! perchance there still remains
“ One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains ;
“ Some hermit of the dale, inhlin’d in ease,
“ Long lost companion of my youthful days ;
“ With whose sweet converse in his social bower,
“ I oft may chide away some vacant hour ;
“ To whose pure sympathy, I may impart
“ Each latent grief, that labours at my heart,
“ Whate’er I felt, and what I saw, relate,
“ The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state ;
“ Those busy scenes, where science wakes in vain,
“ In which I shar’d, ah ! ne’er to share again.
“ But whence that pang ? does nature now rebel ?
“ Why falters out my tongue the word *farewel* ?

“ Ye friends! who long have witness’d to my toil,
“ And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil;
“ Whose partial tenderness hush’d every pain,
“ Whose approbation made my bosom vain:
“ ’Tis you, to whom my soul divided hies
“ With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
“ Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,
“ And lingering leaves her better half behind.
“ Can I forget the intercourse I shar’d,
“ What friendship cherish’d, and what zeal endear’d?
“ Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,
“ And to my latest hour, protract the long *adieu*.
“ Amid the woodlands, wheresoe’er I rove,
“ The plain, or secret covert of the grove,
“ Imagination shall supply her store
“ Of painful bliss, and what she can restore;
“ Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
“ And wide as is her boundless empire stray.
“ On eagle pinions traverse earth, and skies,
“ And bid the lost and distant objects rise.

“ Here, where encircled o’er the sloping land
“ Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand;
“ Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
“ And bow with reverence to wisdom’s voice.
“ There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome,
“ The Champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,
“ In attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
“ And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
“ Not more extatic visions rapt the soul
“ Of Numa, when to midnight grots he stole,—
“ And learnt his lore, from virtue’s mouth refin’d,
“ To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
“ Now stretch’d at ease beside some fav’rite stream,
“ Of beauty, and enchantment will I dream;
“ Elysium, feats of art, and laurels won,
“ The Graces three, and † Japhet’s fabled son:
“ Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
“ And see a new creation wait his nod,

† Prometheus.

- “ Prescribe his bounds to Time’s remorseless power,
“ And, to my arms, my absent friends restore,
“ Place me amidst the group, each well-known face,
“ The sons of science, lords of human race ;
“ And as oblivion sinks at his command,
“ Nature shall rise more finish’d from his hand.
“ Thus some Magician fraught with potent skill,
“ Transforms and moulds each varied mass at will ;
“ Calls animated forms of wond’rous birth,
“ Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,
“ Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
“ And calls their cold inhabitants to light ;
“ Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
“ Bids every sweet of nature there convene.
“ Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,
“ The shrub-deckt lawns, and silver-sprinkled floods,
“ Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,
“ And follow on the traces of his wand.

“ Such prospects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine;
“ And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine ;

" Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
" Grant me to pass the remnant of my days,
" Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
" My raptur'd Muse shall pour her noblest strain,
" Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
" And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
" Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
" And move, resign'd, to meet my latter end,
" Each worldly wish, each worldly care repress,
" A self-approving heart alone possess,
" Content, to bounteous heaven I'll leave the rest."

Thus spoke the bard : but not one friendly power,
With nod assentive crown'd the parting hour ;
No eastern meteor glar'd beneath the sky,
No dextral omen ; Nature heav'd a sigh
Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
The presage of her loss, and Britain's woe.
Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate
Had made a pause upon the number'd date ;

Behind, stood Death, too horrible for sight,
In darkness clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;
Pleas'd at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
On eager message to the humble shed,
Where wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
Sweet slumbering, Fancy's darling son he found.
At his approach the filken pinion'd train
Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain
Which late they fann'd: now other scenes than dales
Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales:
As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly;
The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;
Terrific horrors all the void invest,
Whilst the Archspectre issues forth confess.
The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
In vain attempts to fly, the impassive air
Retards his steps, and yields him to despair;

He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
Here paus'd the fell destroyer to survey
The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey,
Prepar'd to strike he pois'd aloft the dart,
And plung'd the steel in virtue's bleeding heart;
Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
And leave on Nature's face a grisly wound.
A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
That ages yet to follow, cannot close.

Oh, GOLDSMITH! how shall sorrow now essay
To murmur out her slow incondite lay?
In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse
Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy hearse,

With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
And boldly strew the never-fading bays.
But, ah! with thee my guardian Genius fled;
And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head:
Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
And pensive stalks the solitary plains.
Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,
She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd bust;
Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky:
Where hand in hand with time, the sacred lore
Shall travel on, till nature is no more?

P O E M S

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE
P. O. F. M. S.
DR. GOLD SMITH

THE
TRAVELLER:
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A
P O E M,

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCC.LXV.

THE TRAVELLER

POETRY OF SOCIETY

P O E M

PRINTED IN LONDON

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred

office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms

have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence ! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it ; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say ; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet : his tawdry lampoons are

called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem. I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

T H E

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care :
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;

That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blifs at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy fide ;
And though the rocky crested fummits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
'Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with clofer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :

Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;

These here disporting own the kindred foil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her fail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

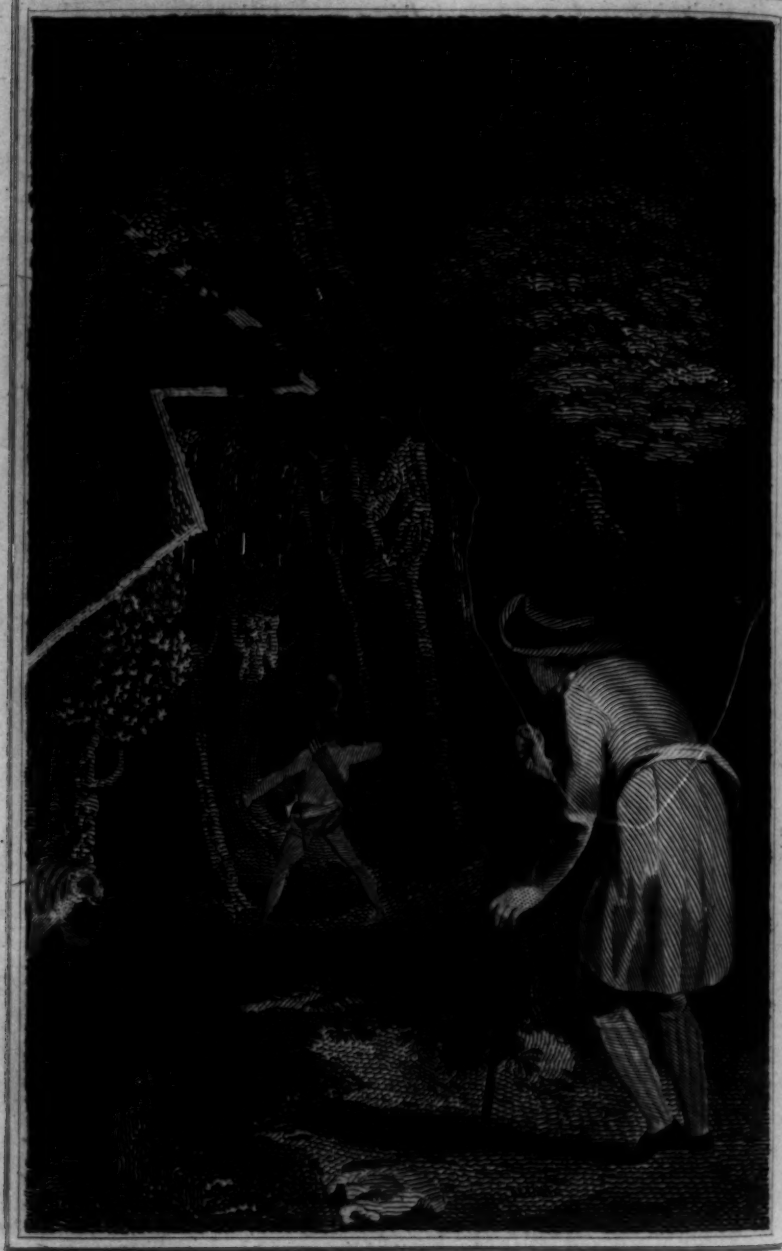
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind:

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all it's rage disarm.





*There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.*

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd :
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest:

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain ;
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their blifs supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected foil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,

While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Yet powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering fun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;

For just experience tells, in every foil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;

Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

A
P O E M,

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCCLXIX.

DESERTED VILLAGE

P. O. M.

PRINTED BY M. G. L.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire : but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND.

AND ARDENT ADMIRER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

How often have I blest'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And flights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swell at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'ring round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

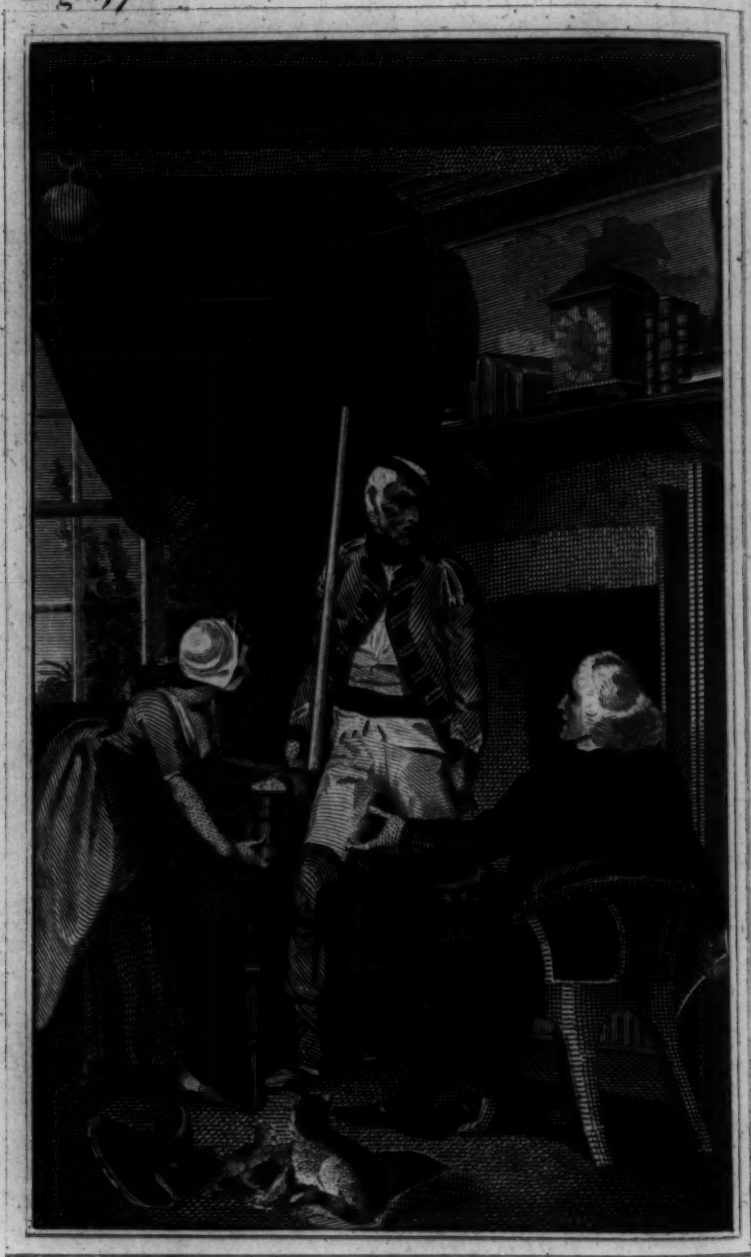
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.





*The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won*

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain,
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;

He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Befide the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling to retire'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place ;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely fanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in filken cloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth,
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

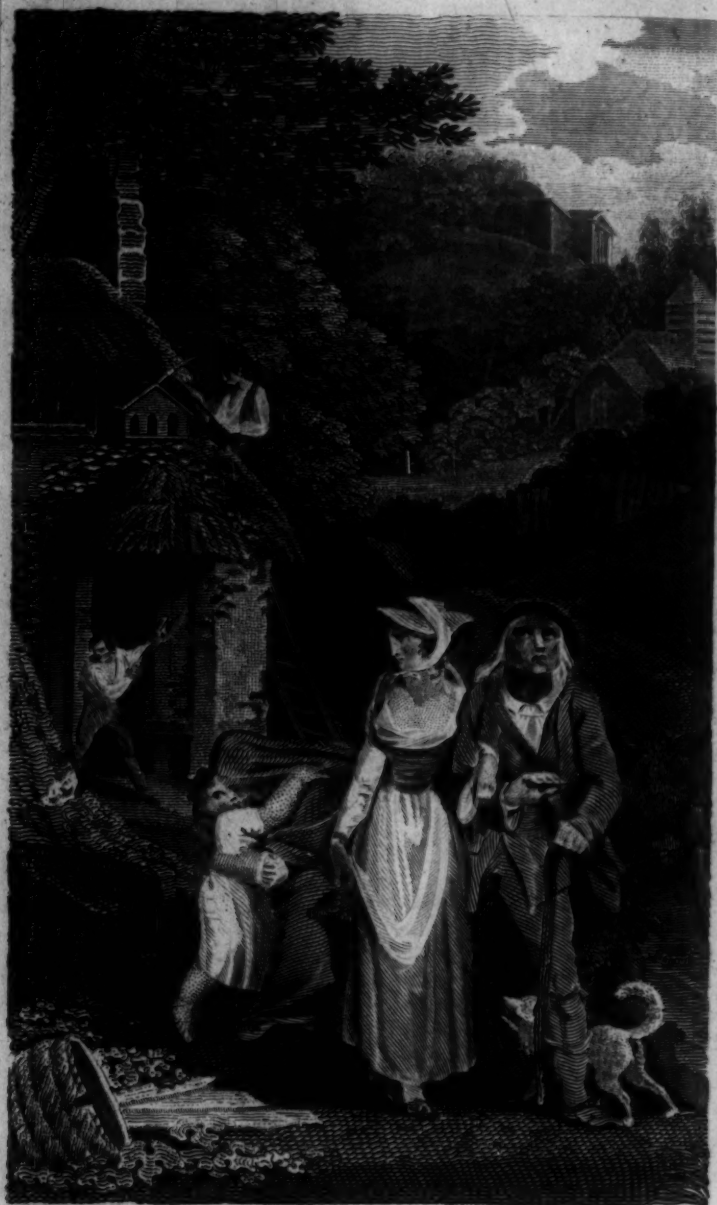
Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors thy ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier still in tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her fathers arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;





*His lovely daughter, lowlier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.*

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crouds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my blifs, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well ;
Farewel, and O ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,

Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
Aid flighted truth, with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A
POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO
LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCC LXV.

THE
BRANCH OF VENISON

POETICAL WHISTLE

LORD CLARE

PRINTED IN LONDON

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.

But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch ;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best ;
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's :
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the
when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
“What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?”
“Why whose should it be?” cried I with a flounce;
“I get these things often—but that was a bounce:
Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”
“If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three* :
We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be
there ;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a finner !
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end ;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend !
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And “ nobody with me at sea but myself* ;”
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,

* See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor—12^o 1769.

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were all to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine :)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
“ For I knew it,” he cried, “ both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thræle;
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”
While thus he describ’d them by trade and by name,
They enter’d, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fry'd liver, and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a fwinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter averfion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Perfian;
So there I fat ftuck like a horfe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moft, was that d——'d Scottifh
rogue,
With his long-winded fpeeches, his fmiles and his
brogue,
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never fet eyes on;
Pray a flice of your liver, though may I be curft,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burft."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in a week:
I like theſe here dinners ſo pretty and ſmall;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."

“ O—ho !” quoth my friend, “ he’ll come on in a trice,
He’s keeping a corner for something that’s nice :
There’s a pasty ”—“ a pasty !” repeated the Jew ;
“ I don’t care if I keep a corner for’t too.”
“ What the de’il, mon, a pasty !” re-echo’d the Scot ;
“ Though splitting, I’ll still keep a corner for that.”
“ We’ll all keep a corner,” the lady cried out ;
“ We’ll all keep a corner,” was echo’d about.
While thus we resolv’d, and the pasty delay’d,
With looks that quite petrified, enter’d the maid ;
A visage so fad, and so pale with affright,
Wak’d Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker :
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on’t the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it’s but labour misplac’d,
To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—ficken'd over by learning ;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION,

A

P O E M,

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCC LXXIV.

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord * supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our dean † shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,
Our Burke ‡ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains,
Our Will § shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick || with his pepper shall heighten the flavour :

* The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the doctor,
and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally
dined.

† Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway and
member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

Our Cumberland's * sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And Douglas † is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our Garrick's ‡ a sallad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, fugar, and saltnefs agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge § is anchovy, and Reynolds || is lamb ;
 That Hickey's () a capon, and by the fame rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner fo various, at fuch a repaft,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and ftick to the laft ?

* Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Loyer*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

† Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no lefs distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a found critic, in detecting feveral literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

‡ David Garrick, Esq.

§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

|| Sir Joshua Reynolds.

() An eminent attorney.

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean *, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund †, whose genius was
such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

* Vide p. 75.

† Ibid.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat;
 To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of
 dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, fir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William†, whose heart was a
 mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
 in't;

* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

† Vide p. 75.

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
own.

Here lies honest Richard*, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;

* Mr. Richard Burke; vide p. 75. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland* lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine :
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

* Vide p. 76.

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas * retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
clines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds † shall be pious, our Kenricks ‡ shall lecture ;
Macpherson § write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend || make speeches, and I shall compile ;

* Vide p. 76.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

§ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

|| Vide p. 78.

New Lauders and Bowers * the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick †, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
As an actor, confess without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day :
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :

* Vide p. 76.

† Ibid.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to diseasè,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks*, ye Kellys†, and Woodfalls ‡ so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

* Vide p. 81.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wife*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will :
Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and with
love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys * above.

Here Hickey|| reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature ;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ? ah no !
Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

* Vide p. 83.

|| Vide p. 76.

Here Reynolds * is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing :
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and
stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, † and only took snuff.

* Vide p. 76.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord *, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave † man :
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun !
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill :

* Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall * confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press *.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit :
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
“ Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
muse.”

* Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

THE
HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCC LXV.

THE FOLLOWING

LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE
PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

APPEARED IN THAT PAPER, IN JUNE,

M DCC LXVII.

SIR,

AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one ; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published ; but in that, it seems, I was

misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one * by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents,

* The Friar of Orders Gray. "Reliq. of Anc. Poetry." vol. 1. p. 243.

the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

the public mind, never have known that the cross me
the king of the island, or that I am obliged to his
friendship and bearing for consideration of a man

OLIVER GOLDMITH





Turn gentle Hermit of the dales,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

THE

H E R M I T.

“TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,

“ And guide my lonely way,

“ To where yon taper cheers the vale

“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,

“ With fainting steps and slow ;

“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,

“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,

“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;

“ For yonder faithless phantom flies

“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want
“ My door is open still;
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows;
“ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that Power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
“ A guiltless feast I bring;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

“ All earth-born cares are wrong :

“ Man wants but little here below,

“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,

His gentle accents fell :

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure

The lonely mansion lay ;

A refuge to the neighb’ring poor

And strangers led astray !

No stores beneath its humble thatch

Requir’d a master’s care ;

The wicket op’ning with a latch,

Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress'd :

“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,

“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,

“ Reluctant dost thou rove :

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings

“ Are trifling, and decay ;

“ And those who prize the paltry things,

“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,

“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,

“ And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier found,
“ The modern fair-one’s jest :
“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d;

“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

“ Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,

“ Whom love has taught to stray :

“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,

“ A wealthy lord was he ;

“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,

“ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms

“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;

“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,

“ And felt, or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
“ With richest proffers strove ;
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth or power had he ;
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
“ But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,

" Importunate and vain;

" And while his passion touch'd my heart,

" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,

" He left me to my pride;

" And sought a solitude forlorn

" In secret where he dy'd.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,

" And well my life shall pay;

" I'll seek the solitude he sought,

" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,

" I'll lay me down and die;

" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

" And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, heaven ! " the Hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 " My charmer, turn to see
 " Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 " Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 " And every care resign :
 " And shall we never, never part,
 " My life—my all that's mine ?

" No, never, from this hour to part,
 " We'll live and love so true,
 " The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 " Shall break thy Edwin's too.

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.
A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,

Jack Book-worm led a college life ;

A fellowship at twenty-five,

Made him the happiest man alive ;

He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,

And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,

Could any accident impair ?

Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix

Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six ?

O had the archer ne'er come down

To ravage in a country town !

Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Mifs frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar fight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too.

A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle ;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?

In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations ;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown :
He fancies every vice she shews,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes ;
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz ;
And though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For taudry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day :
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE
G I F T.

TO
I R I S,
IN

BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty.

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who flights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em,
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE

LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd

As rational the human mind ;

Reason, they say, belongs to man,

But let them prove it if they can.

Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,

By ratiocinations specious,

Have strove to prove with great precision,

With definition and division,

Homo est ratione peditum ;

But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.

And must in spite of them maintain,

That man and all his ways are vain ;

And that this boasted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals pride ;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute ;
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery.
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court ;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend, a foe ;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob ;

Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster Row ;
No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupedes ;
No fingle brute his fellow leads ;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape,
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state :
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act ;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ON A

BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTENING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he shou'd be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act ;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

ON A

BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTENING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he shou'd be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A
NEW SIMILE.

BEAUTIFUL YOUTH
IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair ;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius !
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth :
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that;
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparifon,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet perufe,
Wings grow again from both his fhoes;
Design'd no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godfhip through the air;
And here my fimile unites,
For in modern poet's flights,
I'm fure it may be juftly faid,
His feet are ufeful as his head.

Laftly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a fnake-incircled wand;

By classic authors, term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,

With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

THE
CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears ?
“ An’t please you,” quoth John, “ I’m not given to
letters,
“ Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
“ Howe’er from this time I shall ne’er see your graces,
“ As I hope to be sav’d! without thinking on asses.”

Edinburgh, 1753.

S T A N Z A S

O N

W O M A N.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

DESCRIPTION
OF AN
AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug ;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay ;
The fanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;

The seasons, fram'd with lifting, found a place,
And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black face :
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

To the EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who play'd the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand writing, with an affectionate care. I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

S O N G,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY
OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

AH me! when shall I marry me?

Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.

He, fond youth, that could carry me,

Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:

Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover;

She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,

Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

S T A N Z A S
O N T H E
T A K I N G O F Q U E B E C .

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart ;
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes :
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

E P I T A P H

ON

DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below :
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPI T A P H

ON

EDWARD PURDON*.

HERE lies poor NED PURDON, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin ;
but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier.
Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge,
and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated
Voltaire's HENRIADE.

A N

E L E G Y

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

Mrs. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,

Lament for Madam Blaize,

Who never wanted a good word—

From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,

And always found her kind;

She freely lent to all the poor,—

Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,

With manners wond'rous winning;

And never follow'd wicked ways,

Unless when she was finning.

At church, in silks and fattins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal,

Let us lament, in sorrow fore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not dy'd to day.

A S O N N E T.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,

Loft to every gay delight ;

Myra, too sincere for feigning,

Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection !

Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?

Had Myra follow'd my direction,

She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM THE
ORATORIO
OF THE
CAPTIVITY.
SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th'opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED

UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS*.

WHAT! no way left to shun th'inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?

* This translation was first printed in one of our Author's earliest works, "The present State of Learning in Europe."
12mo. 1759.

A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE

TO

ZOBEIDE, A TRAGEDY.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forfake the fair, and patiently—go simpling,
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.

Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!

This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!

Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen

'em—

[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—

[*Balconies.*

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—

[*Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:

[*Tasting them.*

The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!

O, there the people are—best keep my distance;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure, lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from
far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What, no reply to promises so ample?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN,

AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your
nonsense ;

I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,

My heels eclips'd the honours of my head ;

That I found humour in a pyeball vest,

Or ever thought that jumping was a jest,

[Takes off his mask.]

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth ?

Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth ;

In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd !
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;
Whilst from below the trap-door *Dæmons* rise,
And from above the dangling deities ;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew ?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do !
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage :
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns !
The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme :
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
 'twas but a dream.
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating,
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that *Æsop's* stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain flood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
"thanks,

"They neither have my gratitude nor thanks :

"They're perfectly disgraceful ! strike me dead !

"But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.

"How piercing is that eye ! how sleek that brow !

"My horns ! I'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd ! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he faves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!

Our authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.

Had she consulted me, she should have made

Her moral play a speaking masquerade;

Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage

Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;

Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,

What if I give a masquerade?—I will.

But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*—I've got my
cue :

The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you,
you.

[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses !
Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman ;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t'have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, damme ! who's afraid ?

[*Mimicking.*

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t'assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your fight,
And seems to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black !
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run ?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone !
Well then a truce, since she requests it too :
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.



You politician, known in debate,
 Perhaps to vulgar eyes, handles the state;
 Yet, when he rises, his real self appears,
 The same old warrior, and he fights a peer.
 You patriot too, who preach on your sign,



And seem to every eye
 It with a heart and hand
 The power, thus made
 You critic, you who
 If I protest, our part
 Well then a trace, that
 The two parts are, and I'll for once

